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ters under his jurisdiction were listed and material grouped under proper heads. For example, the president of the Borough of Manhattan has jurisdiction over the streets and sidewalks; encroachments and encumbrances; street vaults and street signs; the sewer system; the public buildings; the baths and markets; and the control of private buildings through the enforcement of the buildings laws. If information in regard to what other cities were doing in all these matters were listed, plus suggestions and advance steps taken in these same matters at home, the reference librarian would be of incalculable help to that office.

Finally, just a word about the expense of the municipal reference library. The amount which it is justified in demanding will depend naturally upon the service it renders. The merit of our new segregated and classified budget is that it calls for the work needing to be done, as well as the cost of not having the work done, and that it shifts attention from the personality that requests the budget allowance. A circumscribed program means circumscribed budget. Frankly, I believe that extension of program should and must precede extension of budget. But this new kind of social work which serves a community at those points where it is now least equipped to serve itself, will not want for financial support when it talks about the work that should be done—and not about itself.

No municipal activity will, in my judgment, find it easier in the next twenty-five years to secure adequate financial support than the municipal reference library which is not a compendium of knowledge but a forecaster of service needed and an ever-present help in time of trouble.

The PRESIDENT: May I express to you, Mr. McAneny, the thanks of the American Library Association for your coming and the assurance that we have profited greatly from it.

Adjourned.

SIXTH GENERAL SESSION

(Saturday morning, June 28, 1913.)

THE PRESIDENT: During the other sessions of the Conference we have been considering people—and books. At this concluding session the topics on the program have special reference to books—and people. The first paper invites our interest by its suggestion of the flavor which old books bring. Miss G. M. WALTON, of the Michigan State Normal College, will present this paper.

THE FRIENDLY BOOK

It was Mr. Lowell who reminded me the other day, by quoting Ecclesiasticus in one of his essays, that we owe the ideal of the man of leisure to a book of the Apocrypha wherein we read, "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure."

Our profession standing as a guarantor of our wisdom and our learning, I am here today to bespeak a portion of our large opportunity of leisure for—The Friendly Book.

There is small fear that we librarians forget the books of power and the books of knowledge which DeQuincey (the oftentimes quoted) presses upon all men. And most of us undoubtedly possess that ardent zeal for knowledge which filled the soul of the literal-minded librarian who read quite seriously (and found therein a working category for her own improvement) Lamb's letter to an old gentleman whose early education had been neglected, where, among the qualifications of a preceptor, the following will serve to refresh your memories: "He must be a thorough master of vernacular orthography, with an insight into the accentualities and punctualities of modern Saxon. He must be competently instructed in the tetralogy, or first four rules. He must have a genius capable in some degree of soaring to the upper element, to deduce from thence the not much dissimilar computation of the cardinal points. He must instruct you in

numeric and harmonious responses, and he must be capable of embracing all history, so as from the countless myriads of individual men, who have peopled this globe of earth—for it is a globe—by comparison of their respective births, lives, deaths, fortunes, conduct, prowess, etc., to pronounce, and teach you to pronounce, dogmatically and catechetically, who was the richest, who was the strongest, who was the wisest, who was the meekest man that ever lived; to the facilitation of which solution, you will readily conceive, a smattering of biography would in no inconsiderable degree conduce.”

I sometimes question if professions are not tinged with the culture epoch epidemic. It is not so very long since we were half hesitatingly taking a place among the other learned professions, almost with the apologetic air of the young boy making his first appearance in long trousers, and wondering if his fellow-men appreciate his coming into their midst—but the youth soon assumes the aggressive attitude which compels attention—and one symptom of this attitude which I feel among ourselves is the large and learned talk about **new** books—the self-satisfied air and monumental confidence in our sometimes sophomoric knowledge and understanding of all things “in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth,” until I wonder if the pleasant counsel about reading “books at least a year old, that we like, and that are great books” must be relegated with the rest of our Emersonian philosophy to the lumber room of our many youthful joys and dreamings.

I believe we all love best to mark the passing years by the friends they bring us, and it were a barren year that brings not one more friend, and so with our friendly books, which like all friendships fill our lives with genial warmth and gratitude. Neither is really a matter of choice, for a book like a person yields its intimate charm only to the sympathizing heart. We have no care to answer why, other than, “because”—“We love them because

we **must** love them.” A new book friend comes to us now and then, and we cling to the old ones. Sometimes we lose the personal touch, but we see their kindly faces and after a separation from them we arrange them on the shelves, and we rearrange them, and, as Mr. Arnold Bennett says, “The way we walk up and down in front of those volumes, whose faces we have half forgotten, is perfectly infantile.”

I remember once in Rome a friend, selecting photographs, said, “I must take a good Cicero to my son Frank, who used to say he felt as well acquainted with Cicero as he did with Bishop Huntington,” and dear old Dean Hook, when a lad at Oxford expresses this same intimate feeling in one of his lively inimitable letters, “I have got into a very dissolute set of men, but they are so pleasant that they make me very often idle. It consists of one Tuft, H. R. H., Henry Prince of Wales, and a gentleman Commoner named Sir John Falstaff, and several others. I breakfast with them, drink tea, and sometimes wine with them,” and, again, on hearing the good news of the recovery of his grandfather, he writes, “The minute I opened the letter and saw the news, I pulled down my Shakespeare and had a very merry hour with Sir John Falstaff. I was determined to laugh heartily all that day. I asked Sir John to wine with me. I decanted a bottle of my beloved grandfather’s best port and Sir John and I drank his health right merrily. Perhaps you will want to know how my old friend Sir John drank my grandfather’s health. Why I took care to find out the place where he drank Justice Shallow’s health. And so when I said, ‘Here’s to Sir Walter,’ I looked on the book and the Knight said, ‘Health and long life to him.’”

Among the oldest and dearest of my friendly books is the “Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay,” of which I became the happy owner, when it was fresh off the press, during a sojourn in the west, far away from my home library. The dates along the margins (one of Macaulay’s habits which I adopted as I read) bring pleasant

thoughts of a journey from Colorado to the western coast, and long before I knew Dean Hook (whom I first met here as the Vicar of Leeds) I was pulling Macaulay down from the shelf, not indeed to drink with Sir John, but to refer to some particular talk of men or of books—always to read on and on with equal delight whether he were breakfasting with a party of old Trinity College friends, reading in his study, or acting as a guide and escort on a half holiday of sight-seeing with his nieces and nephews, with whom he was always the prince of playfellows. It was on one of these excursions to the zoological gardens that Thackeray overheard someone say, "Never mind the hippopotamus! Never mind the hippopotamus! There's Mr. Macaulay!" When absent he exchanged long and frequent letters with the children, sealing those to his nephew at Harrow with an amorphous mass of red wax, which, in defiance of all postal regulations, usually covered a piece of gold.

A scrap from one of his letters to a little niece will serve also as an example of the poetry, which he usually attributed to the Judicious poet, for whose collected works the children vainly searched the library.

"Michaelmas will, I hope, find us all at Clapham over a noble goose. Do you remember the beautiful Puseyette hymn on Michaelmas day? It is a great favorite with all the Tractarians. You and Alice should learn it. It begins:

"Though Quakers scowl and Baptists howl,
Though Plymouth Brethren rage,
We churchmen gay will wallow today
In apple sauce, onions and sage.
Ply knife and fork, and draw the cork,
And have the bottle handy;
For each slice of goose we'll introduce
A thimbleful of brandy."

Is it not good? I wonder who the author can be? Not Newman, I think. It is above him. Perhaps it is Bishop Wilberforce."

The Macaulays and the Wilberforces living at Clapham Common are very real people to me, and my firm allegiance to Trinity College, Cambridge, has never

wavered since Macaulay's undergraduate days, not even when Samuel Wilberforce, the future bishop, went up to Oriel College, Oxford.

And how doubly precious is a book-friendship, whose introduction claims a personal touch; as when, with the same friend who bought the photograph in Rome, I afterwards visited Winchester Cathedral and standing beside the chantry tomb of Bishop Wilberforce she said, "When you go home, read his life. He was a great and good man," and I have continued reading it for nearly thirty years. Wilberforce was undoubtedly for twenty-five years the greatest figure in the English Church. His great sorrows made him tender and tolerant, and many who saw only the brilliant man little dreamed of the causes and depth of his power. He was made Bishop of Oxford in the troublous times of the Tractarian Movement, and so great was the work he accomplished and so devoted to him were his clergy that when translated to Winchester, Bishop Stubbs, who succeeded him, coming from quiet Chester, where his history was his chief occupation, ruefully asked, "Why am I like the Witch of Endor? Because I am tormented by the spirit of Samuel." His quickness and humor flashed an unexpected light on many a question, as when asked why he was called Soapy Sam he answered it was probably because he was always in hot water and always came out with hands clean. And his whimsical reply to "Who are the greatest preachers in England?"—is one of those comical self-evaluations which it is generally most hard to give—"I must refer you to an article on a lady's dress—Hook and I." His absolute freedom from personal animosity shows itself in the story I like best of all. During a stormy committee meeting in which he and the Bishop of London were violently opposed to each other, he threw a note across the table. Supposing it to be some point on the business in hand, the Bishop of London read, "My dear Bishop: You really should not wear such boots. Your

life is too precious and valuable to us all to allow such carelessness."

Nothing could more touchingly express the devoted and loving esteem in which he was held than these words written at the time of his death: "With others who loved him, kneeling reverently beside the body, was Mr. Gladstone, whose sobs attested how deeply his feelings were moved by the sudden loss of his long-tried friend."

The last time I was in England I made a Sussex pilgrimage to his old home at Lavington. It was in June, and my companion smiled as I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "St. Barnabas day, the eleventh of June—the Bishop's wedding day!" We saw the trees he had planted and loved, the spot whence he would turn for a last homeward look, saying he was as proud of being a Sussex squire as a bishop; and best of all the great clumps of rhododendron which he planted with his own hands.

Since so many librarians are gardening as a favorite recreation, why not have a friendly corner in the garden, where we may "Consider the lilies of the field," as we are bidden in that dearest of all books, and where each mood, whether gay or somber, would find echo from the "eternal passion" of the poets—"Rosemary for remembrance, or pray you love, remember there's pansies, they're for thoughts." Growing next to these in my own garden is the fragrant Carolina allspice, because it was the best loved of flowers by Henry Bradshaw.

I sometimes question if a book is truly a friendly book unless I possess it, and yet this in a way would cut off both Thackeray and the friend whom he loved best of all, "dear old Fitz," for I gave away my "Fitzgerald's Letters" to a friend with whom I exchange many friendly books. A man of leisure and literary tastes, and in easy circumstances, Fitzgerald avoided fame as earnestly as most men seek it. Living in a country cottage with a garden, books, pictures and music, he cherished his many lifelong friendships, which he says were more like loves, by writing letters which have a touch of gentle humor and of

tender and unaffected charm, as in a letter to Frederick Tennyson: "I have been through three influenzas; but this is no wonder, for I live in a hut with walls as thin as a sixpence, windows that don't shut, a clay soil safe beneath my feet and a thatch perforated by lascivious sparrows over my head. Here I sit, read, smoke and become wise, and am already quite beyond earthly things. I must say to you as Basil Montague once said in perfect charity to his friends: 'You see my dear fellows, I like you very much, but I continue to advance, and you remain where you are, you see, and so I am obliged to leave you behind. It is no fault of mine.' You must begin to read Seneca, whose letters I have been reading, else you will be no companion to a man who despises wealth, death, etc.' I wish you were here to smoke a pipe with me. I play of evenings some of Handel's grand choruses which are the bravest music after all."

And again, to William Bodham Donne, when puzzled over his Agamemnon and the line of signal fires from Troy to Mycenæ, he writes, "I am ignorant of geography, modern and ancient, and do not know the points of the Beacons, and Lemprière, the only classic at hand, doesn't help me. Pray turn to the passage and tell me (quotes three lines of Greek) what, where and why. The rest I know or can find in dictionary or map, but for these:

Lemprière
Is no-where:
Liddell and Scott
Don't help me a jot,
When I'm off, Donnegan
Don't help me on again.

So I'm obliged to resort to old Donne again."

A postscript in a letter to Charles Eliot Norton reads—"Only a word, to add that yesterday came Squire Carlyle from you, and a kind long letter from Mr. Lowell; and the first nightingale, who sang in my garden the same song as in Shakespeare's days."

And finally, to Lawrence the portrait

painter: "Have we exchanged a word about Thackeray since his death? I am quite surprised to see how I sit moping about him, so little have I seen him the last ten years, and not once for the last five. To be sure I keep reading his 'Newcomes' of nights and now I have got hold of 'Pendennis.' I keep hearing him say so much of it; I really think I shall hear his step coming up the stairs to this lodging, and about to come (singing) into my room as in old Charlotte Street thirty years ago." And ten years later he writes, "A night or two ago I was reading old Thackeray's 'Roundabouts,' and (a sign of a good book) heard him talking to me."

I am sorry that so many people know Fitzgerald only because of the "Rubaiyat." I confess myself to be rather like-minded with

"That certain old person of Ham,
Who grew weary of Omar Khayyam,
Fitzgerald, said he,
Is as right as can be,
But this cult, and these versions,
O, Damn!"

And Thackeray, there is no one book which stands for him, save, perhaps, the dear little old brown volume of letters to the Brookfields. It is here that we learn much of "Pendennis." In one letter he writes, "I am going to kill Mrs. Pendennis presently, and have her ill in this number. Minnie says, 'O Papa, do make her well again! She can have a regular doctor and be **almost** dead, and there will come a nice homeopathic physician who will make her well again.'" We who truly know and love him find him ever in his own pages as he smiles kindly at us through his spectacles, or we feel the difficulty with which he is keeping his spectacles dry, and we too say, "Dear old Thackeray," as in the lines at the end of the White Squall, where with pages of nonsense, he writes how the Captain

"Beat the storm to laughter
For well he knew his vessel
With that wind would wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,

How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And when the tempest caught her,
Cried, George some brandy and water.
And when its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me."

One of these little girls, Minnie Thackeray, became the wife of Leslie Stephen, of whom Mr. Lowell speaks as "that most lovable of men," whose Life and Letters, so full of rich and wondrous friendships, and of deep and subtle charm, is always a midnight companion if taken up in the evening. While our serious-minded librarian may find its chief value in the chapter on "The Struggle with the Dictionary," where as editor, I presume many of us first met with Stephen, (and which would prove invaluable to Lamb's old gentleman) she will find there only a small part of the Real Leslie Stephen, who wrote one day to Edmund Gosse, "No, R. L. S. is not the Real Leslie Stephen, but a young Scotchman whom Colvin has found—Robert Louis Stevenson."

It is a temptation to linger over Stephen's letters to John Morley and Charles Eliot Norton (perhaps his closest lifelong friends), and to the rich list of literary men whom he knew so well through his long years of literary and editorial work. Like those of Lowell and Stevenson, his letters lead one constantly to the reading of his books, wherein again one always finds himself. It were difficult to imagine more felicitous titles of self-revelation than "Hours in a library," "The amateur emigrant," and "My study window." I cannot leave Stephen without a word from the "Letters to John Richard Green" (little Johnny Green) which he edited. As Macaulay used to love to prove the goods he praised by samples of quotation, I will content myself with Green's questioning Freeman, in a long letter full of Early English history: "By the

way, have you seen Stubb's Hymn on Froude and Kingsley?

'Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth.
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries:
History is a pack of lies.

What cause for judgments so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery,
Froude believes Kingsley's a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for his-
tory.'

Long years ago my eye caught the title, "From Shakespeare to Pope," Gosse, and as I took down the book, I asked, "Well, what was there from Shakespeare to Pope?"—a question which the book answered so delightfully that I read it straight through twice, while the Critical Kit Kats is my particular joy in introducing to friendly books my young student readers, whom I send off armed with it, together with a volume of Fitzgerald, or Stevenson, or the Browning sonnets. Mr. Gosse has such a comfortable and intimate way of saying things that makes one feel it is one's own expression of one's own thoughts. I suppose most of us own to a pocket copy of Shakespeare's sonnets, wherein we have marked many a line, and then Mr. Gosse writes for us, as he sends the sonnets to a friend:

"This is the holy missal Shakespeare wrote,
Then, on sad evenings when you think of me,
Or when the morn seems blyth, yet I not near,
Open this book, and read, and I shall be
The meter murmuring at your bended ear;
I cannot write my love with Shakespeare's art,
But the same burden weighs upon my heart."

Do your friendly books ever find each other out upon the shelves? After reading in Mary Cowden Clarke's "My long life," of her childish, reverent awe towards Keats and Shelley, who were often guests in her father's house, the book found its place next to those poets, and was it Keats who was sitting on the sofa when the same little girl crept up behind and kissed his hand just because she had heard he was

a poet? Gilbert White's "Natural history of Selborne," much in the same way stands beside Lowell, in whose "Garden acquaintance," I first learned its "delightful charm of absolute leisure," and here too, when it leaves my study table, stands that dear big book which still claims my leisure hours, "Charles Eliot, landscape architect," one of those rare books with a subtle and unconscious autobiographic touch, when one chances upon the fact that the writer was Harvard's president, telling the story as the brief fore-note says,

"For the dear son,
Who died in the bright prime—
From the father."

But this is all very personal and my only hope is that while I am reading, you are following the example of my sometime youthful nephew, who, on being asked about the sermon one Sunday after church, answered, "Why really, Mamma, I don't know what it was about. I got tired listening, and withdrew my attention and went fishing."

Finally, although we are admonished not to put new wine into old bottles, there fortunately is no admonition against old wine in new bottles, and friendliness is certainly the richest of wine both in men and in books. Nor am I at all certain that in the last analysis it is not the supreme grace which makes possible that joy in life, without which we are of necessity cast into a limbo of outer darkness, and so I commend to you the best of old wine which ever lingers in *The Friendly Book*.

THE PRESIDENT: Our good old friend, Dr. Canfield, once told a story about a critic who after a life devoted to the gentle art of making enemies was gathered to his fathers. Those who had known him, and who had for the most part been recipients of his buffetings gathered about his bier, and compared notes and estimates of the special qualities which the late departed had possessed. Yes, said one, "he loved us so well that he chastised us frequently." True, said another, "he could never catch sight of one of us without administering